

The Bee.

Thursday Dec. 20th, 1877.
Office in Sanford & Hawley's Store.

TAKE NOTICE.

Subscribers who gave us their subscriptions for only six months, shortly after the first issue, will, by looking at their paper of this week, find that the Bee is just six months old, and that in a short time their subscription runs out. These wishing to renew will please let us hear from them, immediately.

We will send the Bee for one dollar to any address in the United States or Canada, free of postage, for one year. Sent now, and get the paper to January 1st 1879.

CHRISTMAS.

Before another issue, Christmas, with all its joyous events will have passed away, and been numbered with the many hundreds of a like character. The usual preparations and religious services in the churches, including St. Rosa (Catholic), Trinity and St. John's (Episcopal) and the Methodist church, will be very interesting, and should the weather continue as it is at the present writing, there will be a large number present at each church. The Christmas trees for the young folks will be very attractive, and the committees having the matter in hand will spare no pains to make it the best ever gotten up, in Newtown and Sandy Hook. We cannot, of course, be present at all of them, and will therefore request that some one prepare for the Bee an account of them, which we will gladly publish.

We extend to all of our friends our sincerest wishes that Christmas may be to them, one and all, a day of unclouded happiness.

During the past week we have been remembered by our venerable and respected friend, William Blacklee, Esq., with something that reminds us very forcibly that he is of the number who act upon the principle of live and let live.

Mr. Marcus C. Hawley favored us with a quantity of his splendid parsnips, and some other articles, which will enable us to preserve our winter vigor until the dual raid that we contemplated making on the larder of a particular friend, in a neighboring village, Christmas and New Years.

A DONATION VISIT.

Thursday evening the members of the Congregational church, and friends of Rev. J. P. Hoyt, visited the residence of their pastor, and had another of those enjoyable social visits. The night was very cold and disagreeable, yet the number present was large, and from those who were present we learn that the occasion was one of much pleasure to them, and we doubt not it was also to the Reverend gentleman and lady, who in addition to the good will and cordial greeting from their friends, received a handsome sum of money.

OUR ROADS.

We do not wish to be considered as finding fault, just for the sake of having something to write about. Our attention has been called to the condition of the road at the foot of the mountain, between Berkshire and Bennett's Bridge. It is in a terrible condition, and should be attended to. It is at this season of the year the worst road in the town. It is never at any time the best, and if we can believe our own eyes, and can tell a bad road by riding in a wagon over it, we venture to say that this part of the road to which we refer is the worst that we ever saw. In the Spring of the year the water gathers in the road, and it is almost impassable. A few dollars, and a little work, properly applied, would do much good on this road, and if it is not done this Winter, the road will be in a bad condition next Spring, for travelers.

A FOX HUNT EXTRAORDINARY.

On Saturday, Mr. Curtis Bostwick, of this town, took his two hounds, and gun, and went out into the woods for a fox hunt. He had been out but a short time when his hounds started up a fox, and then Mr. Bostwick (who is recognized to be second to none in this county as a fox hunter) immediately took in the situation, and prepared to bag the fox. Selecting his position he awaited the movement of the dogs, and about 11 o'clock was rewarded by the appearance of a fine fox, followed by the dogs. At the proper moment the fox fell dead before the unerring aim of the hunter. Mr. Bostwick continued his search for more foxes, and in about two hours after killing the first one, his attention was called to the dogs, who had evidently started up another fox. Mr. B. again took his position, in that portion of Newtown known as Hanover. He did not wait long, for he soon discovered what was the matter, and saw what is seldom seen in this part of the country two foxes running together, to lower closely by hounds. To an inexperienced hunter, this sight would have been too much, and would have resulted in a possible loss of both animals. Mr. Bostwick quickly formed his plan, and executed it with skill. He permitted the fox leading, to pass him, and called the one following with one barrel of work, then instantly he fired his second barrel, and brought the other fox down. This is without doubt a master-piece of work, and will be so termed by gentlemen conversant with field sport. Three foxes,

in so short a time, and all the work of one gentleman, is certainly a grand achievement, and though we fear that the modest and unassuming disposition of Mr. Bostwick will rebel against the title, still we think he is justly entitled to the honor of being the champion fox hunter of the State.

THE POOR TRAMP.

Last week we made mention of the unusual number of tramps passing through this town, and the manner in which the people were called upon to provide for them. Since last Thursday the road between Sandy Hook and Newtown has been the main thoroughfare, and the number of tramps that have been seen on it for the past few days excites comment. Our look-up has provided for several every night, and in the morning they are let go. The coming or going of these people seems to be systematic. Other towns are waking up to demands of the hour, and are making the tramps either useful, or scarce. Why can't the town authorities utilize this floating muscle, and put the road into good condition. Let them break stones, with which a good walk can be built from the Street down to Sandy Hook. Come, what will Newtown do about it?

THE LIBRARY MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the Library Association was held at the Library room on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11th, E. L. Johnson, chairman.

The report of the secretary and treasurer was read, showing a balance in the treasury, of \$3.91, and the library out of debt.

The following officers were then elected: President, Marcus C. Hawley; Vice-President, Charles Beresford; Trustees, Daniel G. Beers, Abel Stillson, Edgar E. Hawley; Treasurer, Mary C. Morgan.

Resolved, That the officers of secretary and librarian be held by one person.

Resolved, That the election of this officer be postponed until the next meeting.

Resolved, That a journal for one week.

M. F. Peck, Sec. pro tem.

TARGET SHOOT.

Quite a party assembled at the Misses Glover's, one evening last week, and enjoyed some sharp shooting, as follows:

The highest score attainable was 50; number of shots, 5.

The score stood: Miss M. F. Blackman, 37; Miss M. E. Hawley, 29; Miss M. E. Glover, 22; Miss F. S. Glover, 22; Mrs. M. C. Hawley, 16; Mr. M. C. Hawley, 29; Mr. W. H. Beers, 34; Mr. F. P. Marble, 30; Willie Hawley, 35.

WELL-DERIVED PRAISE.

Mr. E. C. Betts, the popular photographer, whose beautiful gallery of art is at No. 356 Main St., Bridgeport, sent to this town several specimens of his work, last week, which have been on exhibition in the Post office. A large number of ladies and gentlemen have examined them, and they speak very highly of them. They are perfect. Mr. Betts is a genuine artist, and those of our citizens who contemplate visiting the city, should call and examine the immense display of lovely pictures to be found in this gallery. Mr. Betts studies to please his patrons, and is sure to give perfect satisfaction.

TAUNTON CHAPEL.

Last Friday night Rev. Jno. L. Darsie preached to a very large audience, upon a very interesting subject. He was unusually eloquent, and held the attention of his hearers from the beginning to the close of his sermon. Mr. Darsie also gave a very able description of the most prominent creeds, and contrasted them with the doctrines of the bible. We are unable to say when there will be services again. Please notify us when there is to be preaching and by whom.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

A Christmas entertainment will be given this (Thursday) evening, in the Congregational church, commencing at 6.30 p. m.

Prof. Sedgwick has been engaged to give one of his popular Christmas exhibitions, which cannot but prove exceedingly interesting and instructive, since it will consist almost wholly of scenes specially selected for the occasion. He will not lecture.

That all—children, youth and adults—may be able to attend, the admission has been put at the low price of Ten cents (or whatever may be conveniently paid at the door).

Come with your children, and all your neighbors, and their children. Let the house be full.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD NEWTOWN.

Christmas Eve.

Among the old and interesting customs which have passed away was the observance here of Christmas Eve, that glad season wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, at the old Episcopal church which was a few years ago, as we all know, taken down to give place to the present stone edifice.

Every window in that ancient building, from the belfry to the foundation, was gaily decked out with rows of candles of all colors and description, from the purest sperma to the poorest tallow, with coarsely wicks, which were prone to snail and drip upon the sills, and upon the heads of the congregation beneath. This, but for the extreme vigilance of the sexton (one of Governor Redstone's predecessors) might have ended in an illumination of a grander and more magnificent scale. Happily, this pyrotechnic display passed off without accident, although the hempen material burnt down to its wooden socket, and gave up the ghost in an expiring flicker.

The venerable pastor, Dr. Borhans, usually "spread himself," if I may without irreverence use such an expression, on these occasions, reviewing all the do-

ings of the society during the now closing year, and counseling his hearers with great affection, to a spirit of "unity, peace and concord" among them. He dealt impressively upon the unfortunate disposition that prevailed in, and out of the parish, to quarrel, and to bear false witness against a neighbor, admonishing them to love one another, and to do good to those who did evil to them, as well as to extend full and complete forgiveness to all who had in any way transgressed upon their rights.

These excellent lessons, it is gratifying to feel, have not been wasted, for, although it is more than half a century since they were uttered, their good effect is still apparent to every citizen of the town, and to every stranger "within its gates."

Perhaps some of your readers will guess, and be inclined to doubt, this, or to suspect that I am joking, but I must proceed with my story, and cannot stop to argue the point.

The music for Christmas Eve, was always intended to be *extra fine*, so that not one of the congregation ventured to join in (unless it might be Andrew Glover, of ancient renown, who had a voice and a will peculiarly his own) through fear of marrying the harmony and embarrassing the action of the choir.

The leader of this band, I believe, from Taunton, and only turned out on great occasions, and this was one of them. He was well "posted up" in the music of Handel, Haydn, and other continental composers, of sacred music, and had a squeaky voice, of considerable power, which was something between a baritone and tenor, with a strong nasal tone, that made it conspicuous over those of his colleagues in the organ gallery.

The choir did not boast of having in it any sopranos, contraltos or basso profundos, of which we hear so much nowadays, but it was a very creditable one for those days, and acquitted itself to the delight and satisfaction of the whole audience.

The old church, by the way, never looked finer in its life-time than when dressed with wreaths and ropes of evergreens, and running ivy, interwoven and encircling the columns that supported the roof and galleries, the result of a whole week's work by the young ladies and ladies of the village, who no doubt were more than pleased with the opportunity of rendering this service to the church, as they could sound one another's hearts at the same time.

The pulpit, desk, and the altar, with the two black and gilt-lettered tablets in the rear, were profusely decorated, such devices being added as were appropriate for the time and place.

The old, quaint sounding-board, came in for its share of decoration. It was suspended, as your readers will remember, from the ceiling, by means of an iron rod, which I was afraid might some day drop and extinguish our great light. Dr. B., for it sometimes resembled an old-fashioned candle extinguisher, a little flattened at the top. Fortunately it held on till the last, and did not come down from its "high eminence" until the whole structure was demolished.

To conclude, it has always been a subject for regret, with me, that this old church could not have been spared, and been suffered to remain upon its original site, where, with its white and graceful spire, it served as a never-failing beacon for the citizen or stranger, in his approach to the village, to say nothing of its associations with those near and dear, who have long since passed away, and who so often, in their younger days, worshipped beneath its time-honored roof.

W. P. C.

A CARD.

Owing to the crowded condition of our little store, and the rush of customers for a few days previous to Christmas, last season, many of our friends experienced great inconvenience in making their selections, and to avoid the same trouble this season we are prepared to make an early exhibition of our HOLIDAY STOCK, (which is very complete and at extremely low prices) and shall be happy at any time to wait upon all who may favor us with a call.

Respectfully, &c.,

H. M. ROBINSON,

Jeweler, Stationer and Picture Dealer.

LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Mr. Henry Botsford, of Botsford Station, has enlarged his barn.

Mr. Patrick Houlihan is having a barn built upon his land, near the railroad.

Mr. D. M. Reynolds is at work painting and finishing up the residence of Mr. Albert Blackman.

Subscribe for THE NEWTOWN BEE. Only \$1 a year, postage paid to any part of the United States or Canada.

Mr. R. A. Clark, of Hawleyville, is having considerable improvement made on his place. He has been erecting a fine roomy cow-house.

The attention of our readers is called to the card of Dr. A. E. Barber, of Bethel, which appears this week.

Mr. Augustus Warner, of Chicago, arrived in town Thursday, and is the guest of his father, Judge C. C. Warner.

Capt. Joseph Blackman butchered, last week, a three-year-old steer, that weighed twelve hundred pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Lewis, of New York city, arrived in town Friday noon, and visited Mr. Warren Fairchild, their father, who we learn is sick.

Mr. Peter Nash completed the painting of Mr. Patrick Bradley's new house last week. Mr. Bradley now occupies the house which is certainly a neat, comfortable one.

Mr. J. H. Allen, of Woodbury, exhibited to us a beautiful double harness, which he had just completed for a gentleman in Naugatuck. See Mr. Allen's advertisement, in this issue.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Fairchild, sometimes known as "Aunt Charlotte," died at the poor-house, on Saturday, and will be buried from the chapel, in Taunton, Monday afternoon. Her age was 95 years.

Dr. F. W. Brown, of Woodbury, presents his card to our readers this week. The doctor makes a specialty of certain diseases, and has practiced medicine and surgery for many years, with great success. Be sure that you read his card.

Nice Oysters, in the shell, constantly on hand, at Sanford & Hawley's.

A gentleman was in town last week, hunting up a woman, that had wandered away from her home. The woman that has been wandering about the hills of Taunton was not the one he was looking for. We could not learn the names of either of the parties.

A donation visit will be paid Rev. James Taylor, at the parsonage, to-night if the weather permits. Should it storm the visit will be made the next pleasant evening. All friends and members of his congregation, are cordially invited to be present.

The praise service in the Congregational church, Sunday night, was very interesting. The exercises were conducted by Rev. J. P. Hoyt, who gave a history of the familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and its author, Charles Wesley. The attendance was much better than at any previous service, and we regret that they cannot be held more frequently than once a month.

Smith & Perkins are painting the town-clerk's office. They have nearly completed the painting of the residence and barn of Mr. C. F. Beardsley, and have done their work in a very satisfactory manner, as is evidenced by the work itself. Mr. Beardsley's house has a very attractive look, and adds very much to the appearance of the street. So much for a liberal use of paint. Go thou and do likewise.

As Nick Whiffles would term it, a difficulty occurred at the Post-office in Sandy Hook, last Thursday morning, resulting in a knock-down, for one of the parties. "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." This applies to both, with equal force, and we feel pretty confident that had these gentlemen thought twice before they acted once, it would never have happened. Further, deponent saith not.

A tramp cut up an armpit of wool for Mrs. Bennett Blackman, one morning last week, and while at work, Mrs. B. prepared a splendid breakfast for him, which the "Poor Tramp" gobbled, and then left. Mr. Blackman sums up the cost of a breakfast 25 cts., six-helve which was found broken, 35 cts., total, 60 cts. One armpit of wool, 10 cts., deducted, leaves Mr. Blackman just 50 cts. out of pocket.

At the Annual Convocation of Hiram, Chapter, No. 1, held Thursday Evening, Dec. 13, the following officers were elected and appointed:

George Woffenden, H. P. James M. Blackman, K., James A. Wilson, S., Wm. I. Sanford, C. of H., Jno. L. Sanford, P. S., A. F. Clark, Secretary, David Noble, Treas., Silas Wheeler, R. A. C., Sam'l Barnum, 1st Vel., James Cowles, 2d Vel., Somers Crofut, 3d Vel., Conrad Derlan, Tyler.

Correspondence.

Editor of the Bee:

DEAR SIR:—Everything the past week in this section seems to remind us that the most enjoyable of all our holidays is near at hand, even the mournful song of the north winds, as it mercilessly searches the bare limbs of the trees, for the last remnant of its Summer verdure, seems to have the same strain, that "Christmas is coming," and every body is busily making preparations for its festivities, which appropriately celebrate the advent of Him whose mission was good will to men. And to the children, what day in all the year is anticipated with such intense longing and unalloyed happiness when it arrives. Every little head is in a whirl of delight, and every heart is full of happiness which throw a bright gleam of sunshine wherever it goes. But Christmas is not for the children alone, but for all who believe in the Divine Founder of Christianity. There is none so old, but their eyes will brighten, none so careworn, but their hearts will lighten, and none so rich or poor, but he feels a throb of pleasure, as he listens to the happy peal of the Christmas chimes. So let us all be ready to make our compliments genuine, and wish each other as we heartily wish you, Mr. Editor, and the many readers of the Bee, A very Merry Christmas.

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit, so I will give you a few jottings and leave space for some one else.

St. John's Church, in Sandy Hook, will have its usual Christmas-tree festivities for the Sunday school, on Christmas Eve. The exercises for the evening are under the instruction of Mr. Clark, and they will be very pretty and interesting.

Mrs. Hall has left Sandy Hook for a short visit with her friends in Oxford.

Misses Carrie and Ella C. Gately are in Meriden, visiting their friend J. C. Lewis.

Mr. Lawrence Mitchell has completed the repairing of the road in the Glen, near Postatuck Schoolhouse, which has widened and improved the road very much.

The set of new boilers at the rubber factory are in place, and nearly ready for use.

Mr. W. W. Perkins is having the blinds to his house painted, also work done inside. John Ferris is doing the work.

Mrs. Homer received an elegant bouquet of flowers from Mrs. Woffenden, last week, which we understand was picked fresh from the garden. Can any one in town beat this?

Rev. James Taylor will preach a sermon next Sunday eve, Dec. 23, for the young men, from the text, "Ephraim, is a cake untuned." His sermon last Sunday eve, was one of the best we ever heard. His text was Jephtha's Daughter. Mr. Taylor will also be pleased to see his many friends, Thursday evening

Dec. 20th, as it is his annual donation visit. We hope the house will be full.
MT. GLEBO.

Woodbury.

[TO THE CITIZENS OF WOODBURY.—We have appointed Charlie Tyler our agent to solicit subscriptions for THE NEWTOWN BEE, which will be sent free of postage for one year from date of subscription, on receipt of \$1. Please be careful to give Charlie your full address, and secure a receipt from him. Single copies can be had at Woodruff's Drug store. Price, 3 cts. We intend to make THE NEWTOWN BEE a live paper, containing the local news of your town, and do most respectfully beg your patronage.—EDITOR.]

King Solomon's Lodge, No. 7, of Free and Accepted Masons, held its annual Communication at its Lodge Room, on Saturday evening, December 15th, 1877, for the election of officers, and the transaction of the annual business of the institution. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz.: W. M., Joseph Norton; S. W., Llewellyn J. Allen; J. W., Wm. T. Baron, Jr.; T., Edwin Roberts; S., Walter T. Buckingham; Trustee, Geo. A. Copewell; S. D., Herman Botsford; J. D., Fred'k Linton; S. S., Henry T. Wright; J. S., Joseph P. Allen; C., Abernethy B. Stone; M., Charles M. Goodsell; T., Wm. C. Brothwell. Refreshments were served in the Lodge room at ten o'clock p. m., and everything passed off very pleasantly, in decency and order. This is one of the oldest lodges in the State, having been organized in 1765, under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and was the seventh lodge in the State in its date of organization. It has been a very prosperous lodge from the beginning, and has one of the most beautiful and commodious lodge rooms in the State, especially in the country towns. In the early days of its history, when spirituous liquors were used by everybody, and on all occasions, even by ministers of the gospel in their religious councils, they were used in this Lodge during the hour of refreshment, and doubtless sometimes to excess; but by a special vote of the Lodge they have been banished from the lodge-room, and from the social gatherings of the Lodge for more than forty years. Masonry, in its teachings and example, will compare favorably with any institution in the land.

On Thursday night last there was a furious wind storm here, which created sad havoc with the branches of the trees, fences, ancient stables and insecure things generally. A large limb from a maple tree standing in front of Mrs. T. M. Thompson's house came near doing serious damage to the veranda, blinds and windows. Old Horner seemed to be on a high old spree—worse than a raffle in Galplowtown, which is attended by the elite of the town, irrespective of race, color, or "purer condition." Speaking of raffles, and "female rests" the hope was entertained and expressed in a former article in these columns that that interesting portion of our town would be no more disgraced with such "low delights," and illegal doing. The day after the last one they "kept up Thanksgiving" during the entire succeeding day, and numbers of intoxicated men, paraded the streets and filled the stores and other places of business, to the great annoyance of sober and respectable people. If some of the doings of that day are repeated, the parties may rest assured that they will enjoy the cooling shades of our new and commodious lock-up. If it quite time there was a house-warming in it. Grown men as well as the boys might well be in better business.

There was a slight "Hale" storm passed through our village a short time since—one could hardly tell whence it came, or whither it went, it gyrated so. The people were not quite sure whether it was a continuation of the great tornado that visited with such destructive violence the classic regions of Pheglogot and Poverty, in New Milford, during last Fall, or not. Stoddard is inquiring into the matter, and we shall no doubt have a happy solution anon. Meanwhile, perhaps, some information might be obtained from the New Milford Gazette.

Among our millinery stores that of Mrs. Dr. Brown evidently takes the lead. Her store is not "up town," nor "down town," but right in town, convenient to all, and where all may be accommodated. Inside the store all will be found as neat as a new pin, and the lady in search of a "love of a bonnet," or other articles in this line, may be set down as hard to please if she cannot be suited at this establishment.

If you want dry goods and groceries, go to Beardsley's, where you will find the largest assortment in town, and will be treated with kind and obliging attention. Their sales are heavier now than for a long time past.

If you want anything usually furnished by a merchant tailor, go to the clothing establishment of E. Benham. You will find prompt attention, good fits and fair prices.

For anything in the harness line don't forget Allen's.

"The melancholy days have come—the saddest of the year." Cold and wet feet are to be avoided. For anything in the boot and shoe line go to the shoe store of Wells. He will give you a good fit, and William, the recruiting officer, will give you fits—of laughter.

For anything in the line of paints, oils, drugs, medicines, etc., go to Woodruff's. You will there find constantly on hand the best the market affords, and your wants will be attended to by careful and experienced clerks, who attend to their business.

Finally and absolutely, no more at present from your affectionate and youthful friend,

NAMELESS.

West Side has become quite a business part of the town. The Capewell Man'g Co. are doing quite a lively business. E. Murphy has rented part of Mr. Bradley's tin shop, for the purpose of painting wagons and sleighs. John is doing the same kind of work, prices according to the times.

W. W. Betts makes a first-class harness, and does repairing very neatly and with dispatch. C. C. Mitchell comes out with a very nice harness, W. W. Betts's own make.

(Continued on next page.)

WHAT
MORE
ENDUR-
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Christmas
Present

THAN A

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